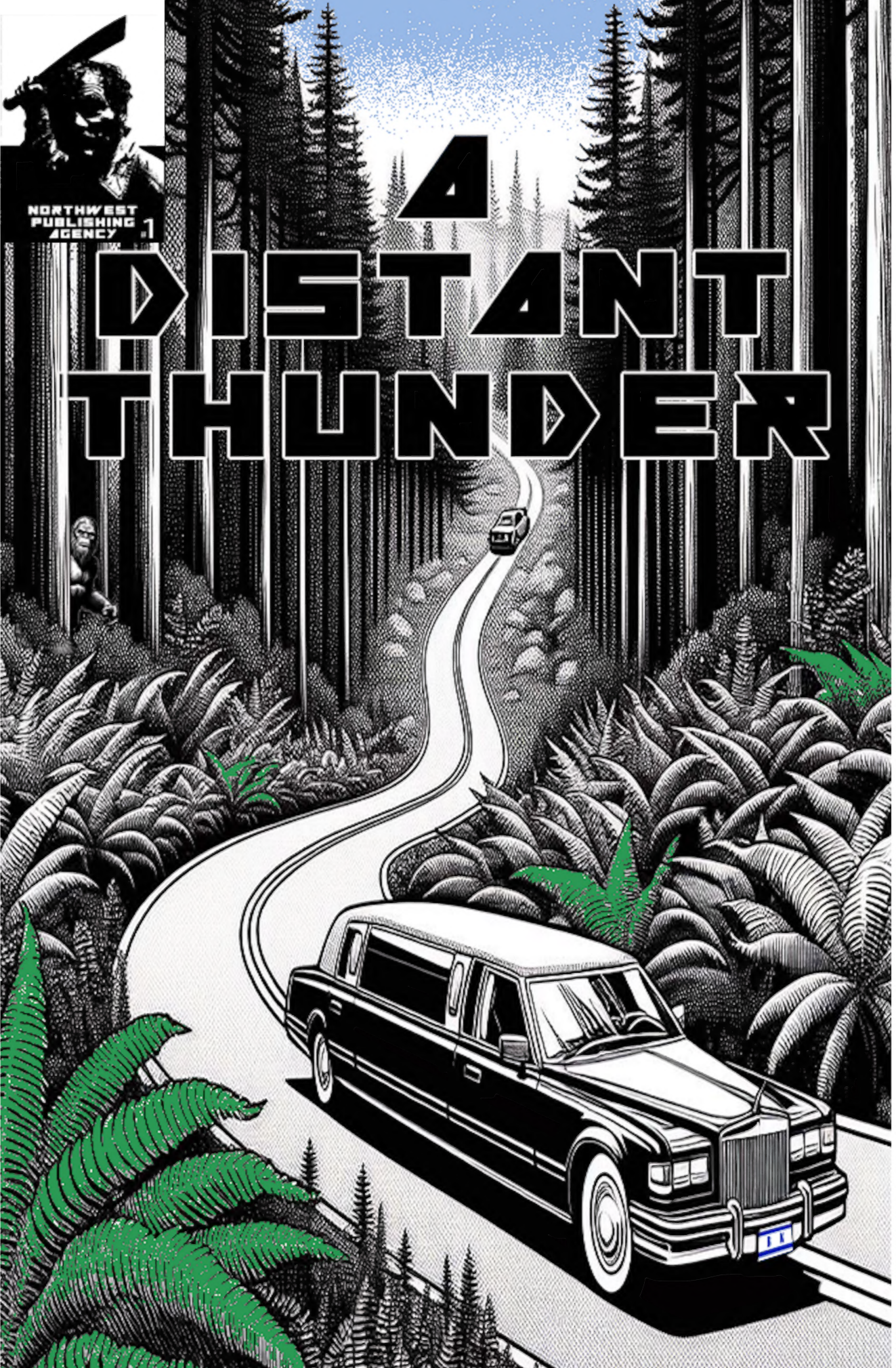




# A DISTANT THUNDER





# A DISTANT THUNDER #1

BASED ON THE NOVEL BY HAROLD COVINGTON

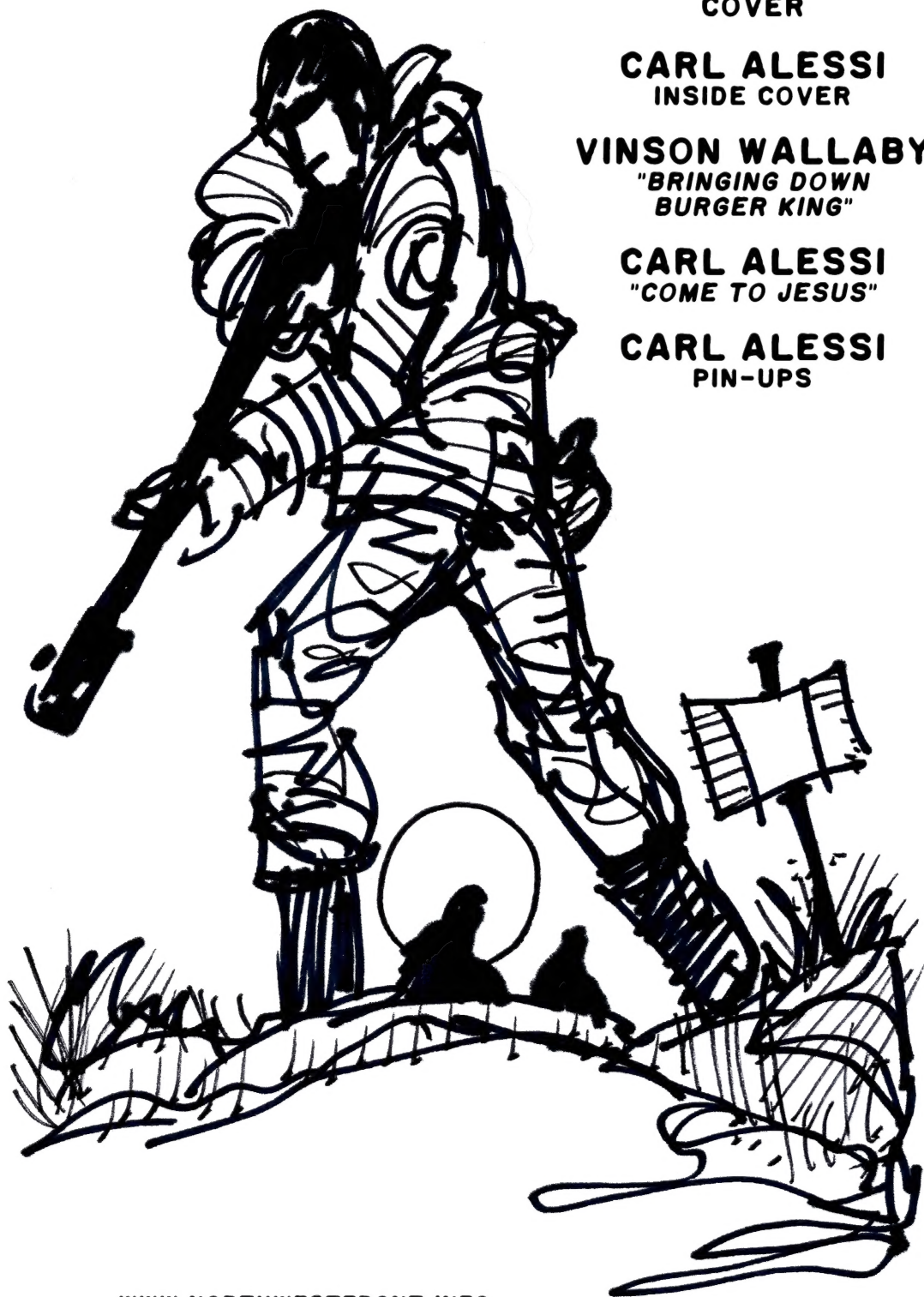
**PRINCE BARMINE**  
COVER

**CARL ALESSI**  
INSIDE COVER

**VINSON WALLABY**  
"BRINGING DOWN  
BURGER KING"

**CARL ALESSI**  
"COME TO JESUS"

**CARL ALESSI**  
PIN-UPS



[WWW.NORTHWESTFRONT.INFO](http://WWW.NORTHWESTFRONT.INFO)

# BRINGING DOWN

# BURGER KING

NO, THAT DOESN'T MEAN THE NVA\* HELD UP A HAMBURGER JOINT.

\*NVA : NORTHWEST VOLUNTEER ARMY

Welcome to  
**DUNDEE**  
Washington

NVA SHOPTALK WAS UNIQUE TO OUR SITUATION, A KIND OF CODE WE USED DUE TO THE FREQUENT NEED FOR US EVILDOERS...

...TO CONDUCT A CONVERSATION ON OUR PHONES OR COMPUTERS WITHOUT ZOG'S EAVESDROPPERS FIGURING OUT WHATEVER NIGHT'S WORTH OF ANTI-SOCIAL ACTIVITIES WE WERE CONTEMPLATING.

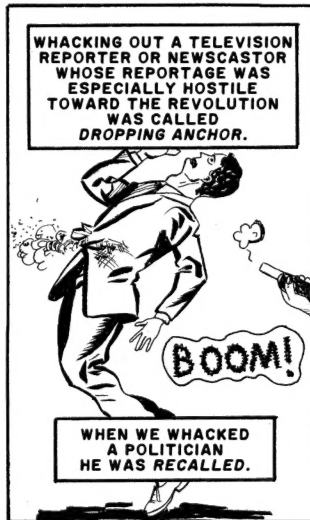
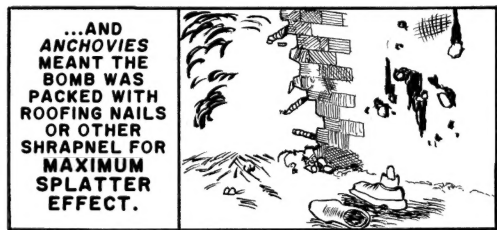
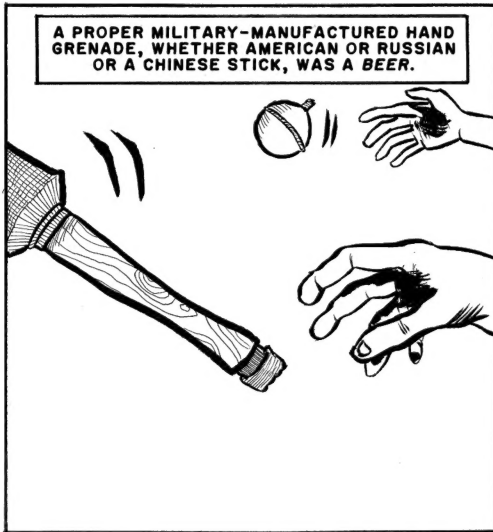
A LOT OF OUR TERMINOLOGY REVOLVED AROUND JUNK FOOD. IT WAS AN OBVIOUS COVER. THE AMERICAN CONSUMER STATE STUFFED ITS CITIZENS FULL OF GREASE, CHOLESTEROL, REFINED CARBOHYDRATES, SUGAR, AND CHEMICALS AT A 200% PROFIT UNTIL EVERYBODY OVER AGE TWELVE WAS AT LEAST 30 POUNDS OVERWEIGHT.

GUNS WERE CHEESEBURGERS, DIDN'T MATTER WHAT BRAND NAME.

BUT IF THEY HAD ONIONS THEY WERE FULL AUTO.

AMMO WAS FRENCH FRIES.

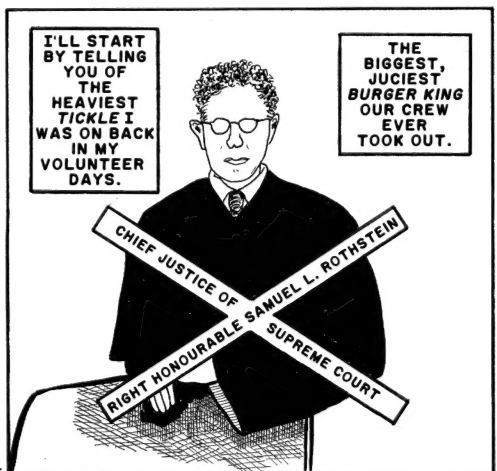
WHEN WE NEEDED TO BE MORE SPECIFIC, A SHOTGUN WAS A TACO AND A HANDGUN WAS A CHILI DOG.



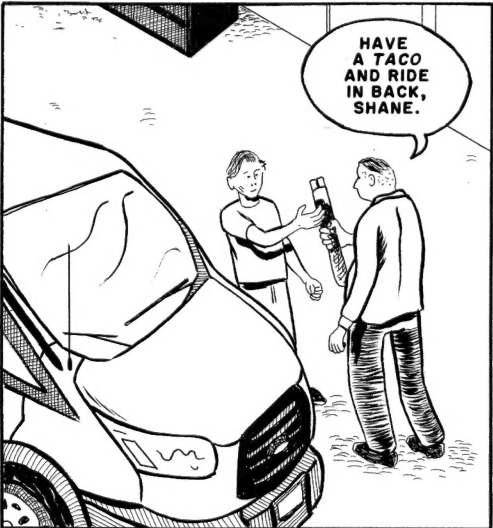
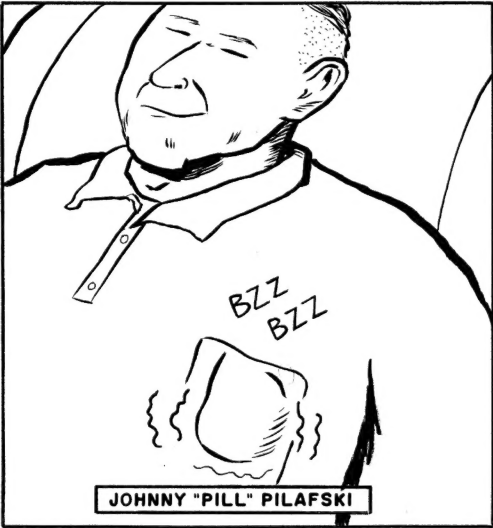
**BURGER KING**  
 WAS OUR SLANG TERM FOR WHAT THE GERMANS USED TO CALL A HOFJUDE, A MAJOR-LEAGUE, POWERFUL JEWISH POLITICIAN OR MILLIONAIRE. SOMEONE HIGH IN THE AMERICAN MEDIA, THE INTELLIGENSIA THE POLITICAL, OR SOCIAL, OR ECONOMIC ESTABLISHMENT.

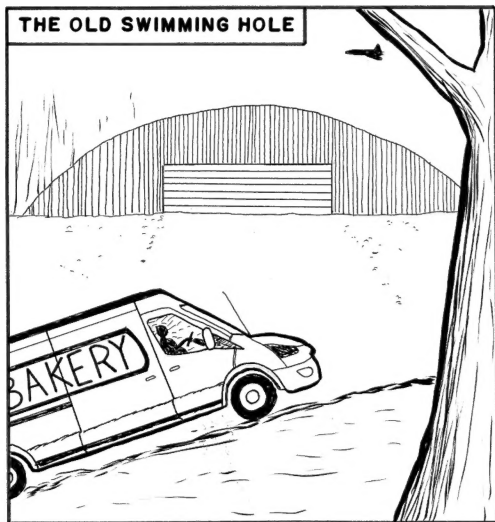


BURGER KING. BK. BIG KIKE. GET IT?

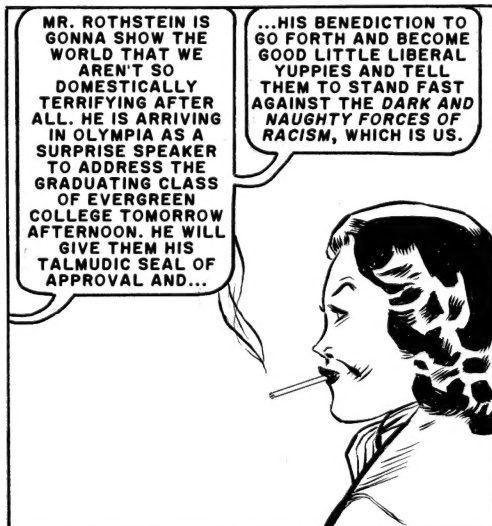
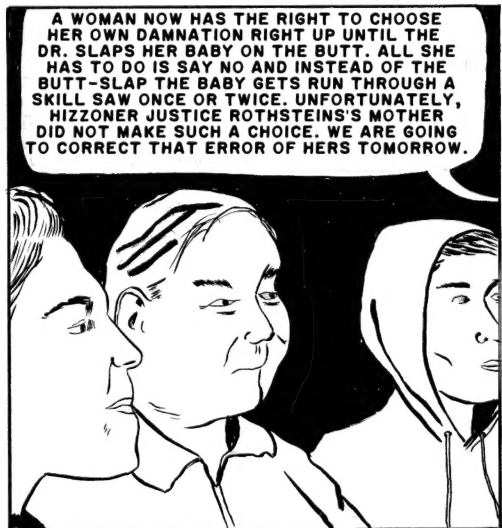
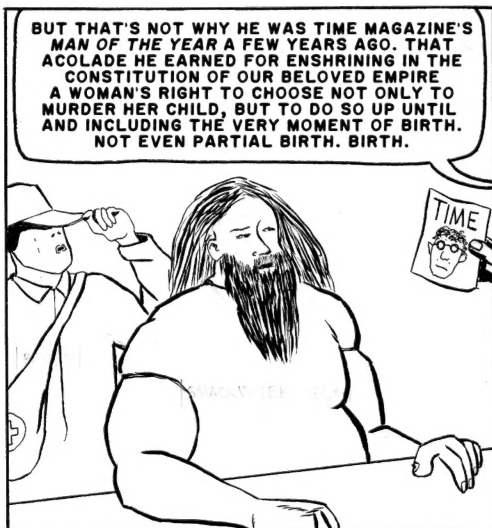
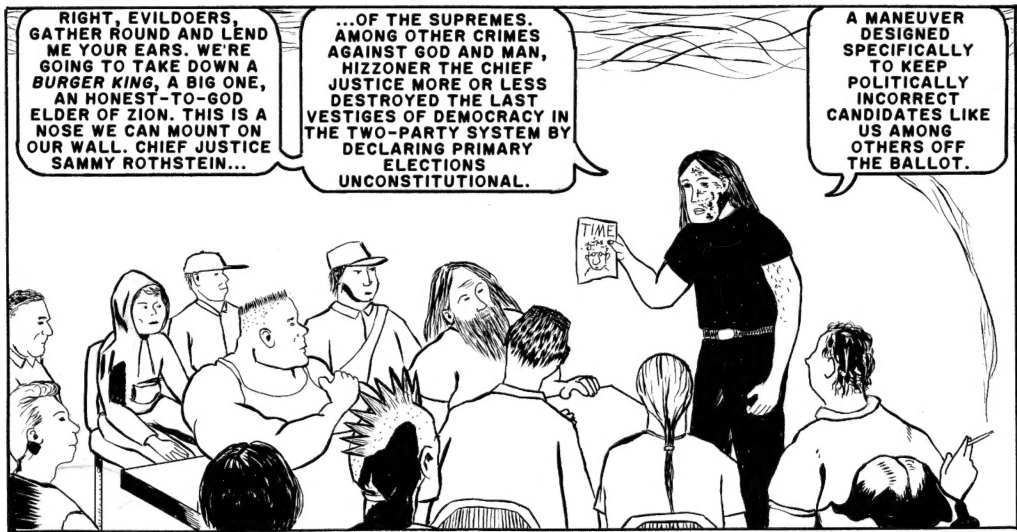


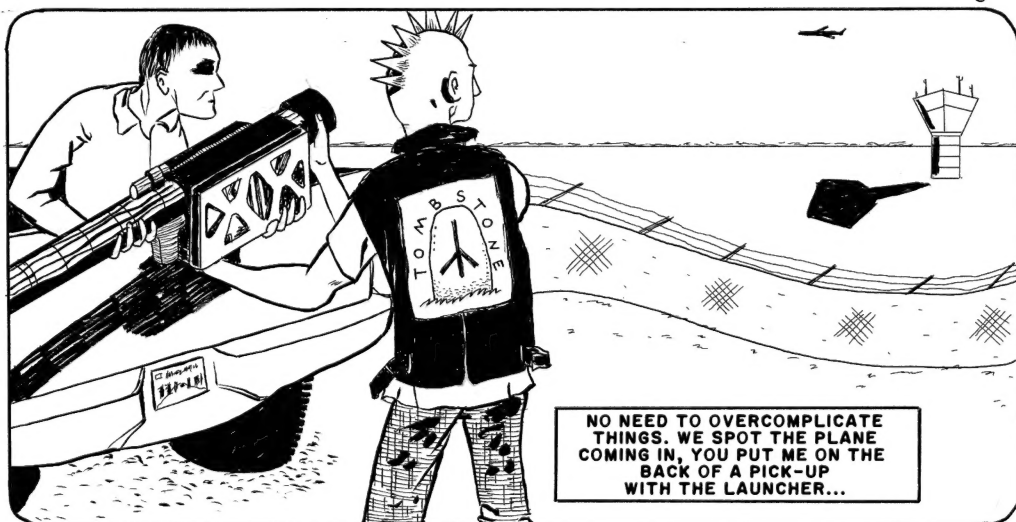
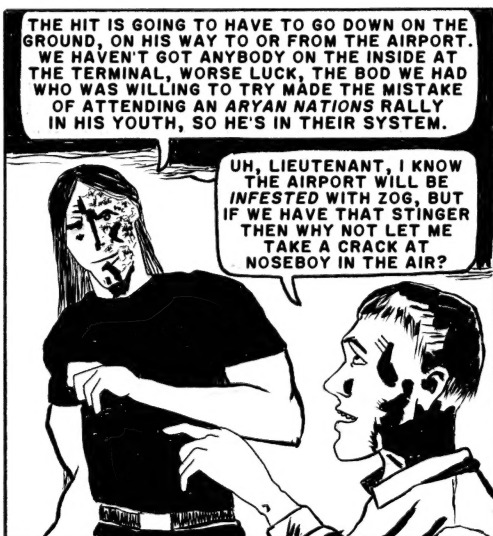
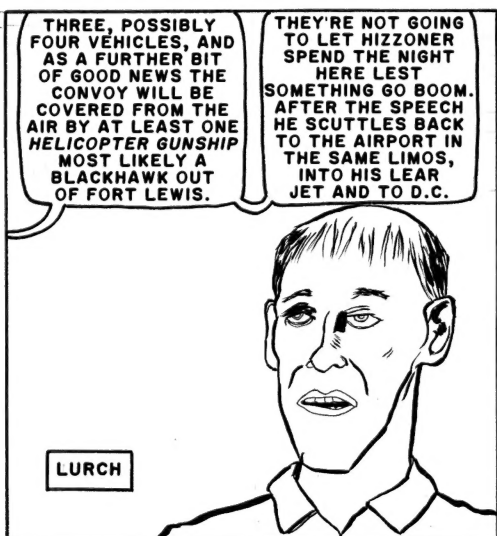
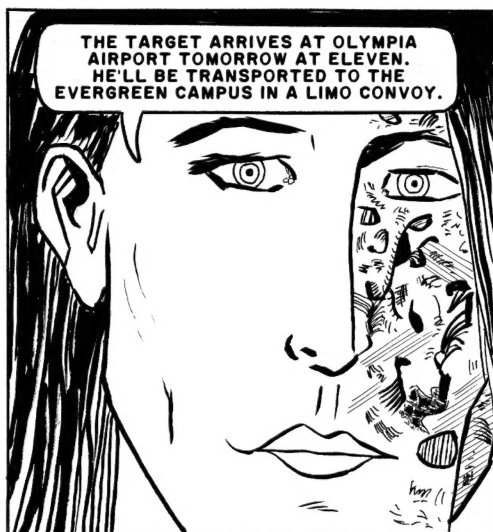
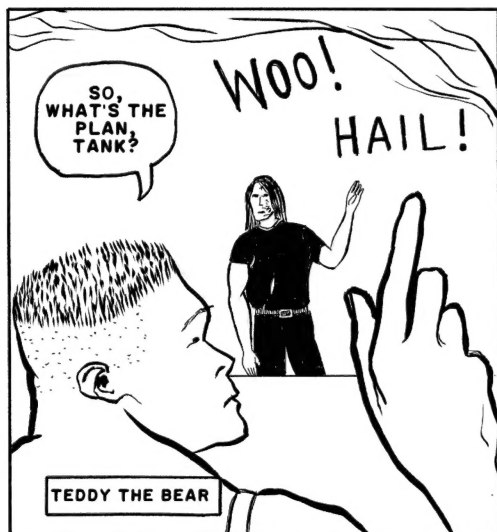






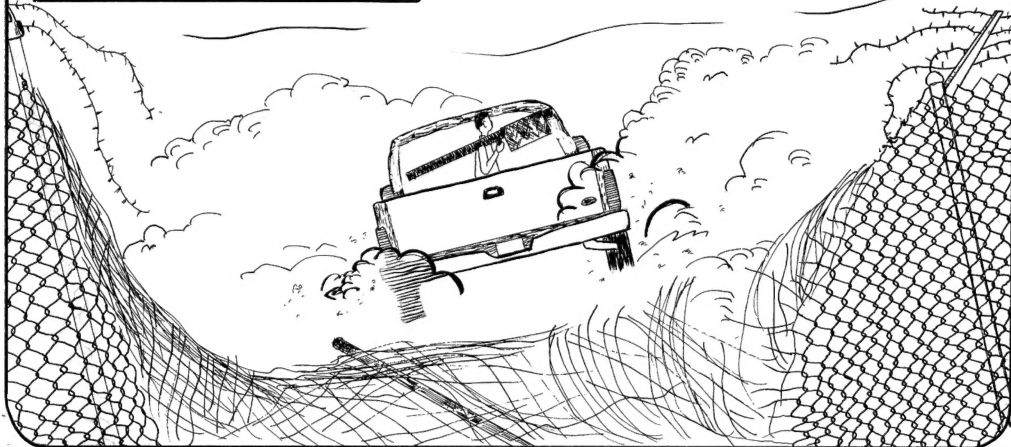




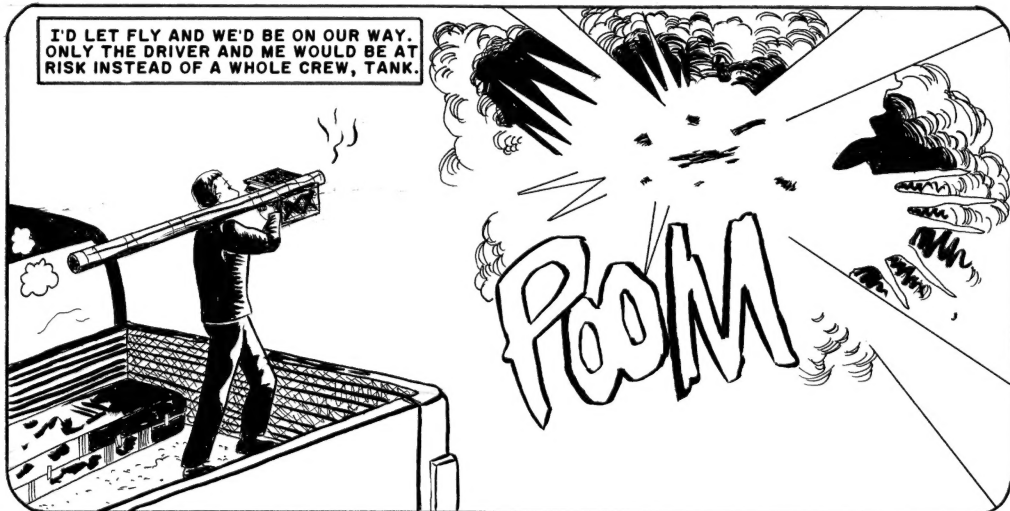




...THEN WE BUST THROUGH THE FENCE ONTO THE FIELD. AT A DESCENDING ALTITUDE I'D ONLY NEED A STOP OF ABOUT FIVE SECONDS TO SIGHT AND LOCK IN, MAYBE A HUNDRED YARDS SHORT OF THE RUNWAY.



I'D LET FLY AND WE'D BE ON OUR WAY. ONLY THE DRIVER AND ME WOULD BE AT RISK INSTEAD OF A WHOLE CREW, TANK.



JEEZ. I'D LOVE TO ADD A LEAR TO MY TWO CHOPPERS!



I'LL DRIVE.

WE'LL DRIVE...

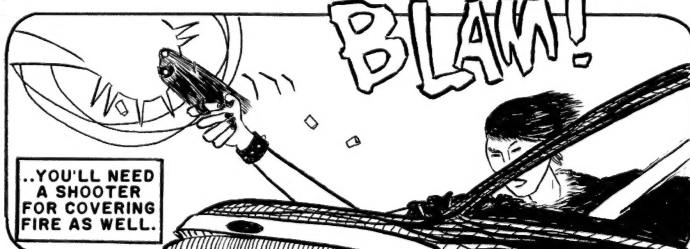
SPIDERMAN

SUSIE Q.



BLAM!

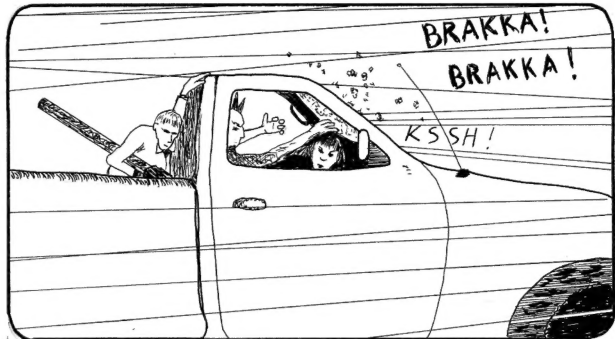
...YOU'LL NEED A SHOOTER FOR COVERING FIRE AS WELL.



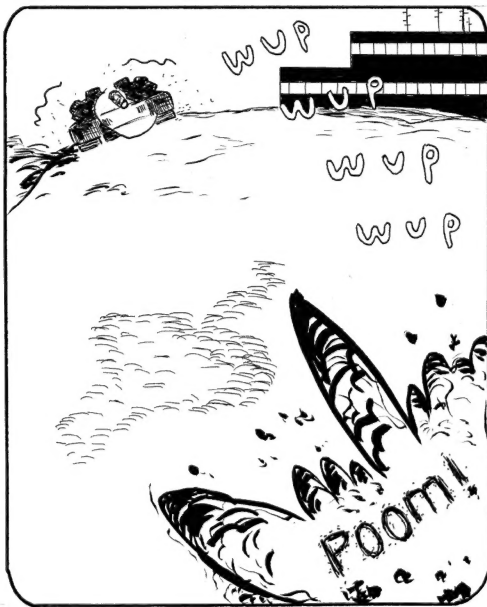
OH, DON'T WORRY, WITH ANY LUCK YOU'LL GET YOUR THIRD WHIRLYBIRD TOMORROW.



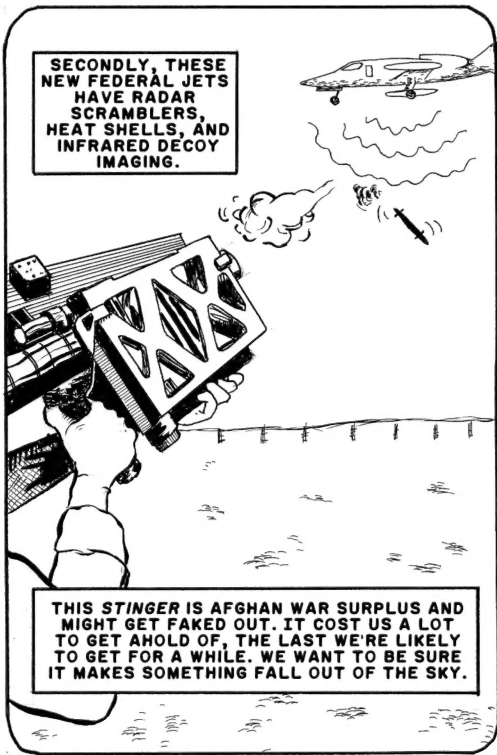
NO REFLECTION AT ALL ON YOUR COURAGE, COMRADES, BUT FIRST YOU'D HAVE TO COVER MAYBE AS MUCH AS A HALF MILE OF OPEN GROUND AND BACK, WITH A CLEAR FIELD OF FIRE FOR THE FEDS IN THE TERMINAL OR PATROLLING THE AIR STRIP.



YOU COULD RUN INTO ANYTHING FROM LAND MINES TO T.O.W. ROCKETS AND THEY MAY EVEN BRING A TANK OR TWO FROM FORT LEWIS, PLUS THAT HELICOPTER GUNSHIP WILL PROBABLY BE HOVERING AROUND IN THE AIR. YOUR CHANCES WOULD BE DICEY AT BEST.



SECONDLY, THESE NEW FEDERAL JETS HAVE RADAR SCRAMBLERS, HEAT SHELLS, AND INFRARED DECOY IMAGING.

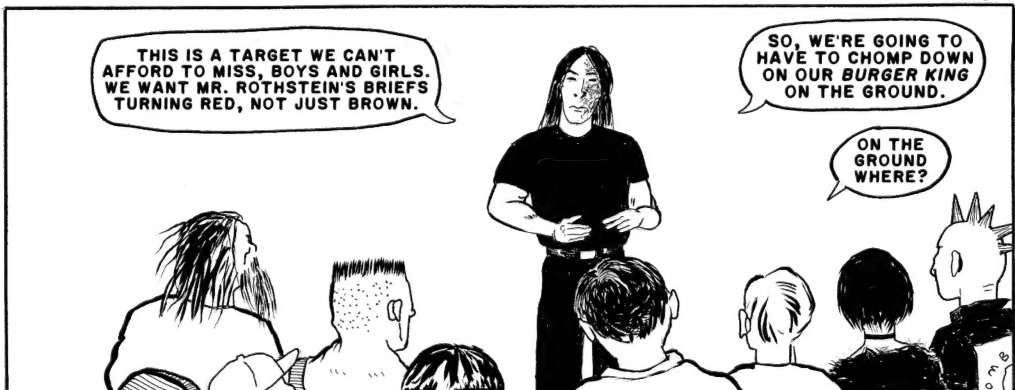


THIS STINGER IS AFGHAN WAR SURPLUS AND MIGHT GET FAKED OUT. IT COST US A LOT TO GET AHOOLD OF. THE LAST WE'RE LIKELY TO GET FOR A WHILE. WE WANT TO BE SURE IT MAKES SOMETHING FALL OUT OF THE SKY.

THIS IS A TARGET WE CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS, BOYS AND GIRLS. WE WANT MR. ROTHSTEIN'S BRIEFS TURNING RED, NOT JUST BROWN.

SO, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO CHOMP DOWN ON OUR BURGER KING ON THE GROUND.

ON THE GROUND WHERE?





TANK THEN DISPLAYS A STREET MAP OF OLYMPIA AND INTRODUCES US TO "PADDY" - AN IRISH MAN WHO DID THE RECONNAISSANCE FOR THIS TICKLE.



PADDY KNEW ABOUT THE FEEP'S SNEAKY ROUTES THROUGH TOWN FROM A PAST ABORTED MISSION OF A SIMILAR SORT.

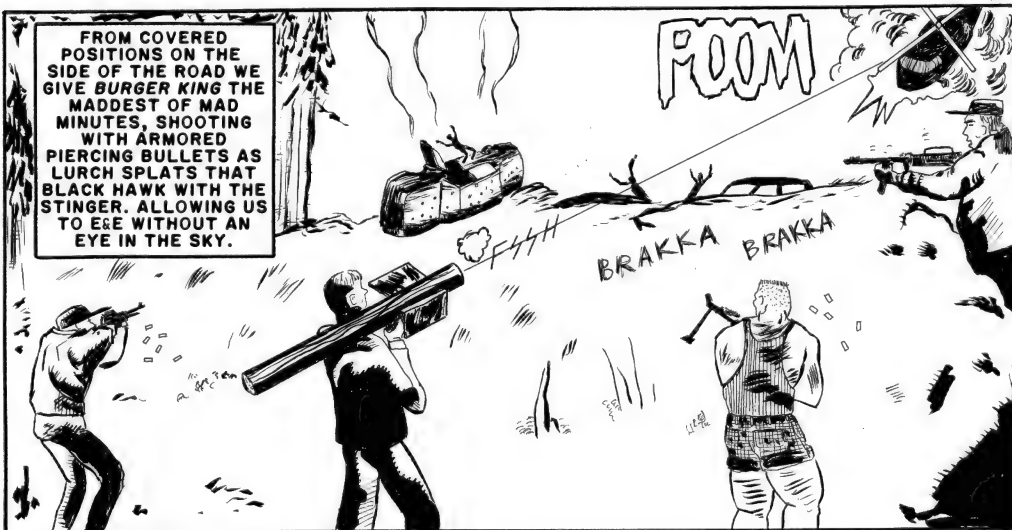


OUR OPENING SALUTE WILL BE HIGH EXPLOSIVE, YOUR BASIC BAGHDAD BANGER, A ROADSIDE BOMB IN A CULVERT UNDER THE ROUTE WE EXPECT THEM TO TAKE.



70 POUNDS OF GELIGNITE, SOME SEMTEX AND TNT WAS GOING TO PUT A HELL OF A HOLE IN THE ROAD.

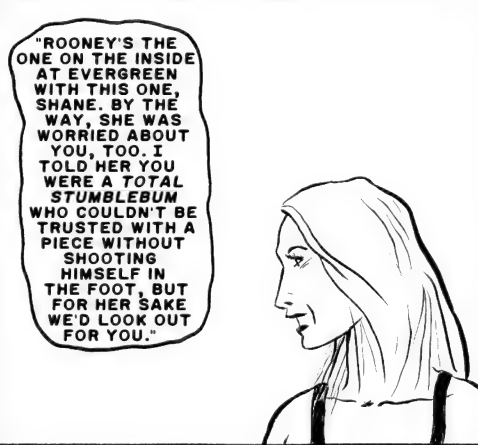
FROM COVERED POSITIONS ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD WE GIVE BURGER KING THE MADDEST OF MAD MINUTES, SHOOTING WITH ARMORED PIERCING BULLETS AS LURCH SPLATS THAT BLACK HAWK WITH THE STINGER, ALLOWING US TO EEE WITHOUT AN EYE IN THE SKY.



LATER THAT EVENING WE ALL WENT TO A PRIVATE HOME ON A BACK ROAD OUTSIDE YELM AFTER SMACK ISSUED US OUR WEAPONS. A LONG, ENCLOSED CELLAR CONTAINED AN IMPROMPTU, SOUNDPROOFED FIRING RANGE.



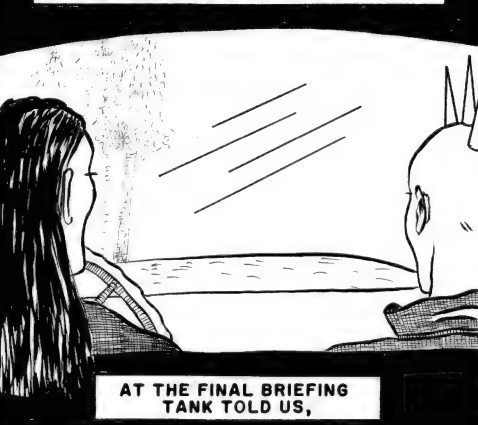
WE SPLIT UP TO CAMP IN DETACHMENTS. I HAD TO BREAK PROTOCOL AND ASK TANK ABOUT ANOTHER VOLUNTEER.



CAROL, BRENNAN, TANK, AND THE BEAR PLANTED THE EXPLOSIVE CHARGES IN THE CULVERT IN THE PRE-DAWN HOURS. CAROL GETTING THE DETONATOR. SHE APPARENTLY HAD A REAL CASE OF THE ASS FOR ABORTIONISTS.



TANK TOOK EACH TEAM OUT FROM THE WAREHOUSE USING A DIFFERENT ONE OF OUR VEHICLES TO CRUISE PAST THE AIRPORT AND SHOW EACH OF US WHERE WE WILL BE STATIONED.



"IF SPECIAL AGENT SHELLY TAKES OUR BURGER KING RIGHT INTO OUR TRAP WELL, AND GOOD. YOU ALL KNOW THE PLAN. WE'RE A ROCKET GRENADE SHORT SO, SHANE AND JOHN, YOUR TEAM WILL BE A BIT LIGHT. NONE OF THE LIMOS WILL MAKE IT UP TO YOUR NORTHERN POSITION WHERE YOU WILL BE WAITING TO RECOVER ANY OF OUR PEOPLE WHO NEED A RIDE."

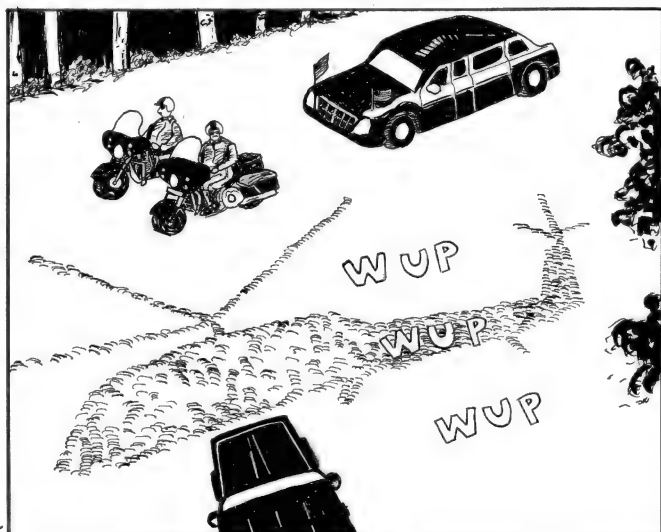
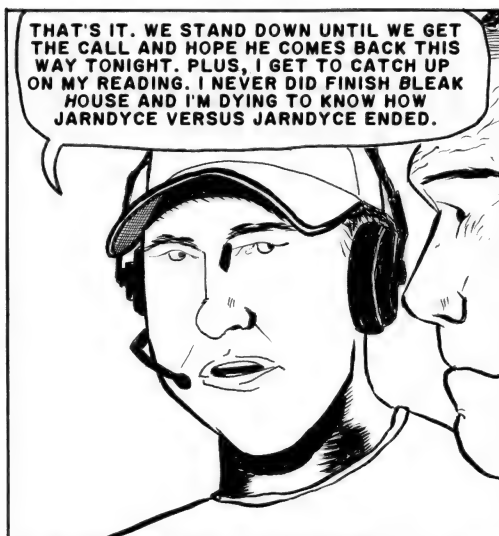
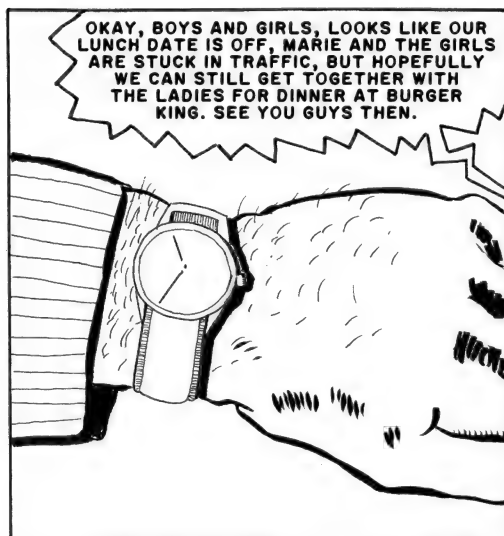


"SHOULD BURGER KING TAKE A DIFFERENT ROUTE TO EVERGREEN COLLEGE WE DO A STAND-DOWN. WE CAN'T BE TWIDDLING OUR THUMBS IN OUR POSITIONS FOR HOURS WAITING TO GET CAUGHT BY SOME PATROL. YOU ALL KNOW YOUR STAND-DOWN POSITIONS AWAY FROM THE SCENE. YOU'LL GET A CALL TELLING YOU EITHER TO REDEPLOY OR FORGET THE WHOLE THING."









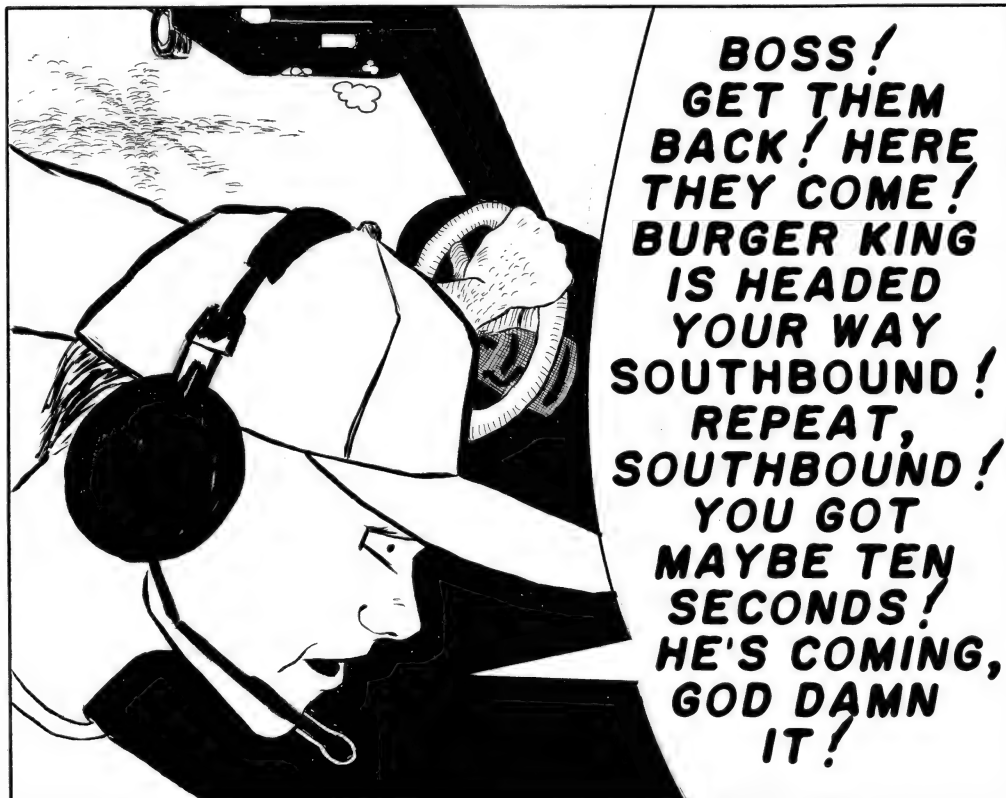
OUR TARGET WAS RIGHT  
ONTOP OF US,  
AT THE SAME  
MOMENT WE WERE  
BREAKING UP THE AMBUSH,  
COMING FROM THE  
**WRONG  
DIRECTION**  
WHERE NO ONE  
EXPECTED THEM...



...AND NOW THE TWO COPS IN THE LEAD  
WERE TURNING THEIR HEADS SLIGHTLY  
AND STARING RIGHT AT TWO  
NORTHWEST VOLUNTEERS  
WHO HAD COME THERE TO KILL THEM AND  
WERE CAUGHT TOTALLY UNPREPARED.



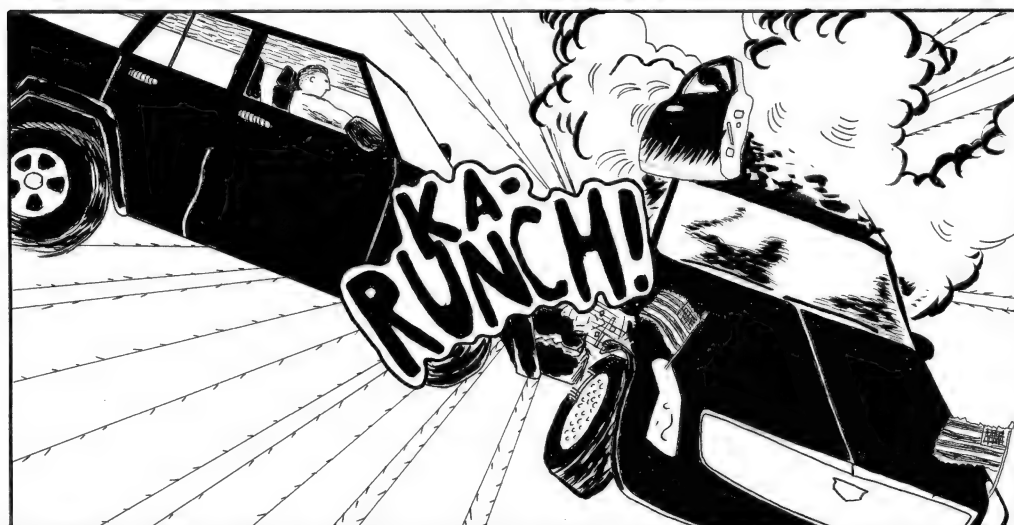
13







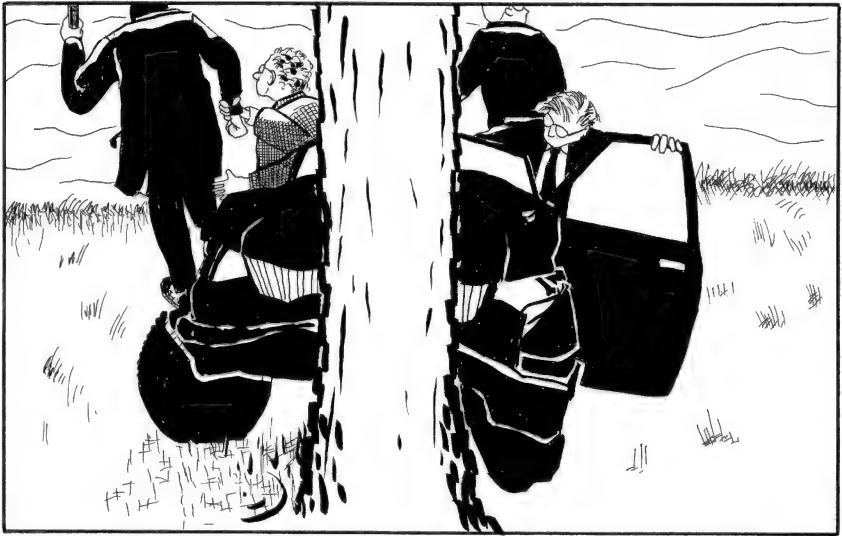




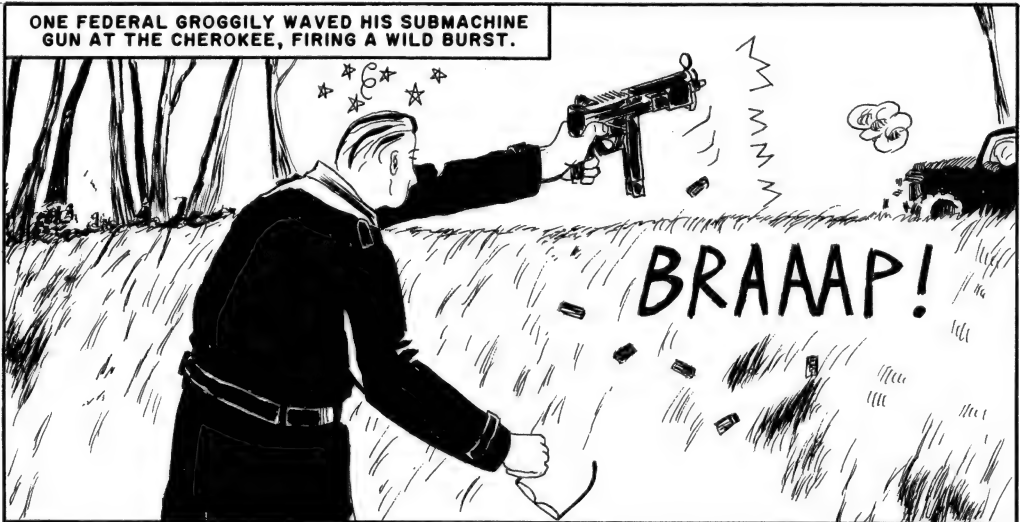
16



FOUR  
MEN  
STAGGERED  
OUT  
OF THE  
LIMO.  
THREE  
WORE THE  
USUAL  
FEEP  
QUASI-  
UNIFORM  
OF  
DARK  
SUITS,  
PATENT  
LEATHER  
SHOES,  
BLACK  
TRENCH-  
COATS  
AND  
SHADES.



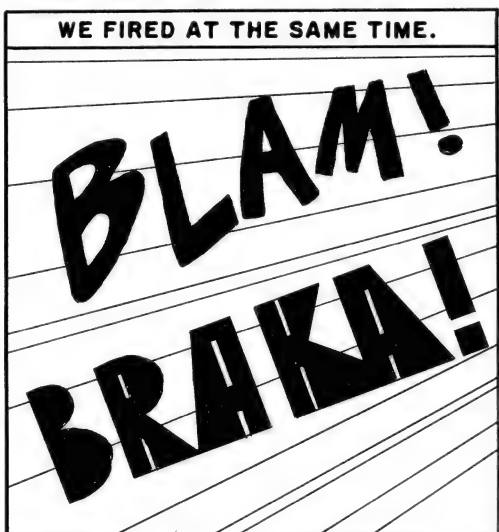
ONE FEDERAL GROGGILY WAVED HIS SUBMACHINE  
GUN AT THE CHEROKEE, FIRING A WILD BURST.



I FIRED AT HIM.







18

I LOOKED OVER AND SAW JOHNNY OUT OF THE CHEROKEE, HIS HEAD BLOODY FROM THE IMPACT OF THE CRASH, SPRAYING HIS UZI AT THE FED WHO WAS SPRAYING AT HIM.



THE OTHER TWO BEGAN STUMBLING AWAY FROM THE VEHICLE. THE BLACK ONE LEADING THE ROLY POLY FIGURE BY THE HAND LIKE A CHILD.



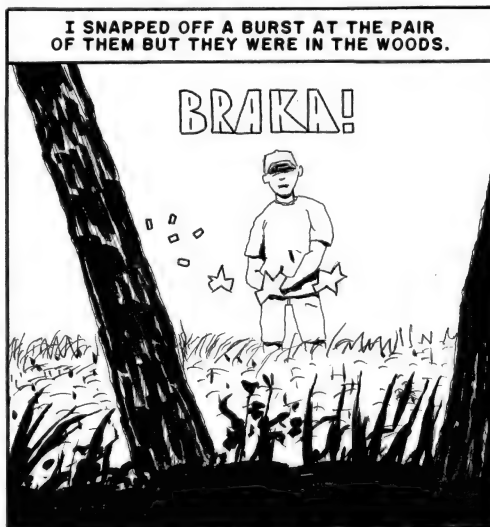
FINALLY SOMETHING CLICKED IN MY ADRENALINE-PUMPED AND NOISE-RATTLED AND CORDITE-SMOKED MIND. THE SHORT FAT DUDE IN THE GRAYSILK WAS SAMUAL L. ROTHSTEIN, CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT.  
BINGO.  
BURGER KING.



JOHNNY SAW HIM, POINTED AND YELLED AT ME...



I SNAPPED OFF A BURST AT THE PAIR OF THEM BUT THEY WERE IN THE WOODS.



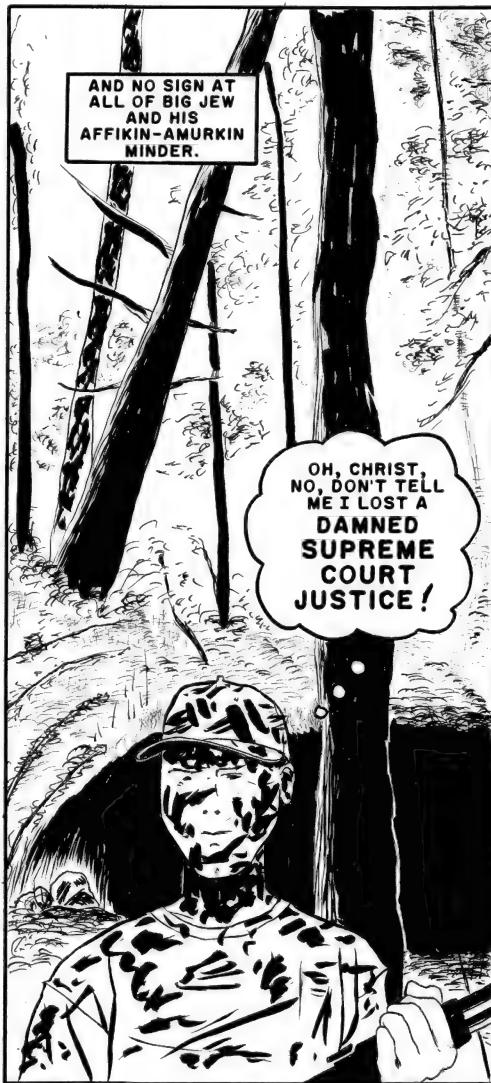
I RAN ACROSS THE ROAD AND JUMPED THE DITCH.



THERE I WAS IN THE GREAT NORTHWEST FOREST. FIFTEEN FEET IN FROM THE HIGHWAY AND IT WAS DAMN NEAR PRIMEVAL. I WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SURPRISED TO SEE SASQUATCH PEEPING OUT FROM BEHIND A TREE TRUNK.

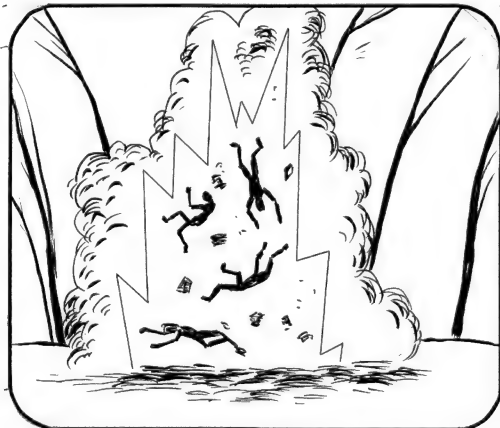


AND NO SIGN AT ALL OF BIG JEW AND HIS AFFIKIN-AMURKIN MINDER.



OH, CHRIST, NO, DON'T TELL ME I LOST A DAMNED SUPREME COURT JUSTICE!

HOW MANY OF MY FRIENDS HAD DIED JUST DOWN THE ROAD OR WOULD DIE IN THE NEXT MINUTE, AND ME LOSE THE SON OF A BITCH?



SUDDENLY, INSTINCTIVELY, I UNDERSTOOD. THE BLACK WAS IN CHARGE, AND HE FEARED THE NORTHERN FOREST. HE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND IT. IF HE'D JUST HAD SENSE ENOUGH TO RUN AND HIDE IN THE WOODS UNTIL HELP CAME, THEN HE AND ROTHSTEIN MIGHT BOTH HAVE MADE IT.



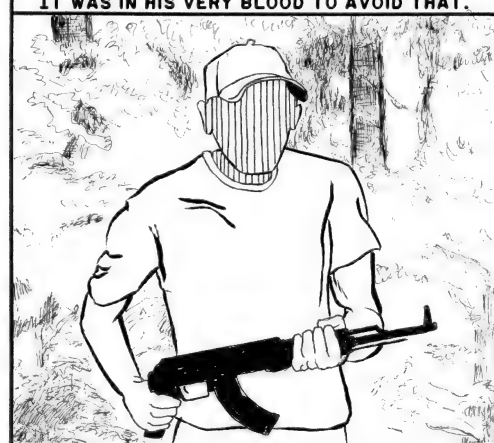
HELL, I WASN'T DANIEL BOONE. WHAT WAS I GOING TO DO? TRACK THEM BY THEIR SCENT? BUT IN MOMENTS OF STRESS, RACIAL AND GENETIC INSTINCT ALWAYS COME TO THE FORE.



THIS WASN'T AFRICA. THIS WAS THE ANCIENT LANDSCAPE OF MY PEOPLE, NOT HIS. HOMEY KNEW IN HIS SOUL HE WAS IN DE WHITE FOLKS' HOUSE AND IT OVERWHELMED HIM.



THE BLACK MAN DARED NOT FACE AN ARYAN WARRIOR IN THE GREEN FOREST OF THE NORTHLAND FROM WHICH I AND ALL OF MINE HAD SPRUNG. IT WAS IN HIS VERY BLOOD TO AVOID THAT.



21

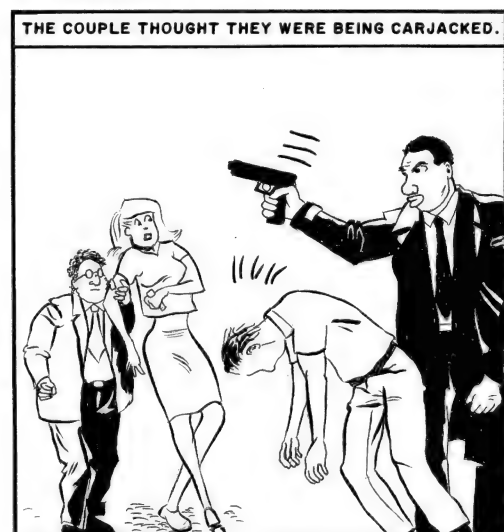
INSTINCTIVELY, PROBABLY NOT EVEN REALIZING WHAT HE WAS DOING OR UNDERSTANDING WHY, HE WAS HEADING BACK TO WHAT HE KNEW. ASPHALT AND CONCRETE.



HE WAS DRAGGING HIS CHOSEN CHARGE BACK TO THE HIGHWAY TO TRY AND GET ANOTHER CAR.







22





A  
MILLION  
DOLLARS  
!

I  
SWEAR,  
A MILLION  
DOLLARS  
I'LL  
PAY!



"TURN, HELL-HOUND!"

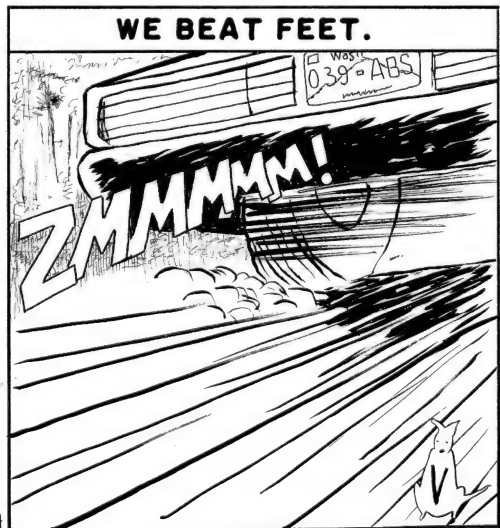
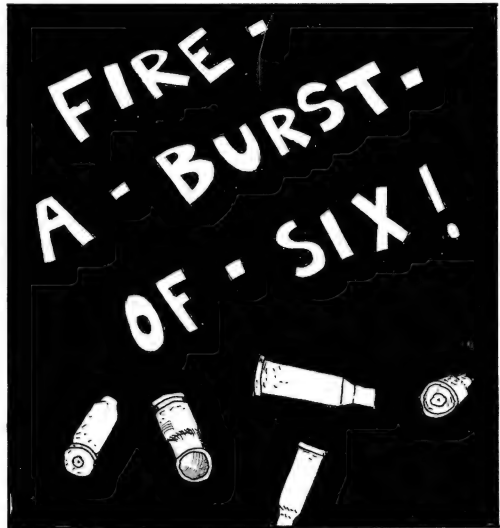
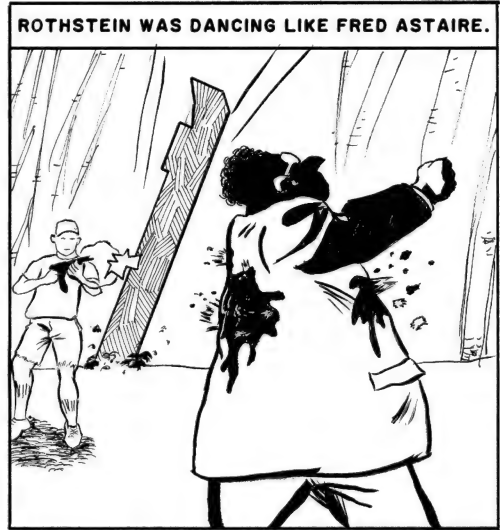
THIS  
CREATURE  
STOOD IN THE  
MIDDLE OF  
HENDERSON  
BLVD AND  
IT  
BELLOWED ITS  
DEATH CRY  
UNTO ITS  
GOD, TO  
WHATEVER  
FORCE OF  
WICKED,  
WORM-EATEN  
COSMIC  
POWER  
PUT THE  
JEWISH  
PEOPLE  
ON THE  
EARTH TO  
TORTURE  
AND  
OPPRESS  
THE  
REST OF  
US.



A REVELATION OF ETERNAL TRUTH  
SHATTERED HIS SOUL MOMENTS BEFORE THE  
BULLETS FROM MY KALASHNIKOV  
SHATTERED HIS BODY.

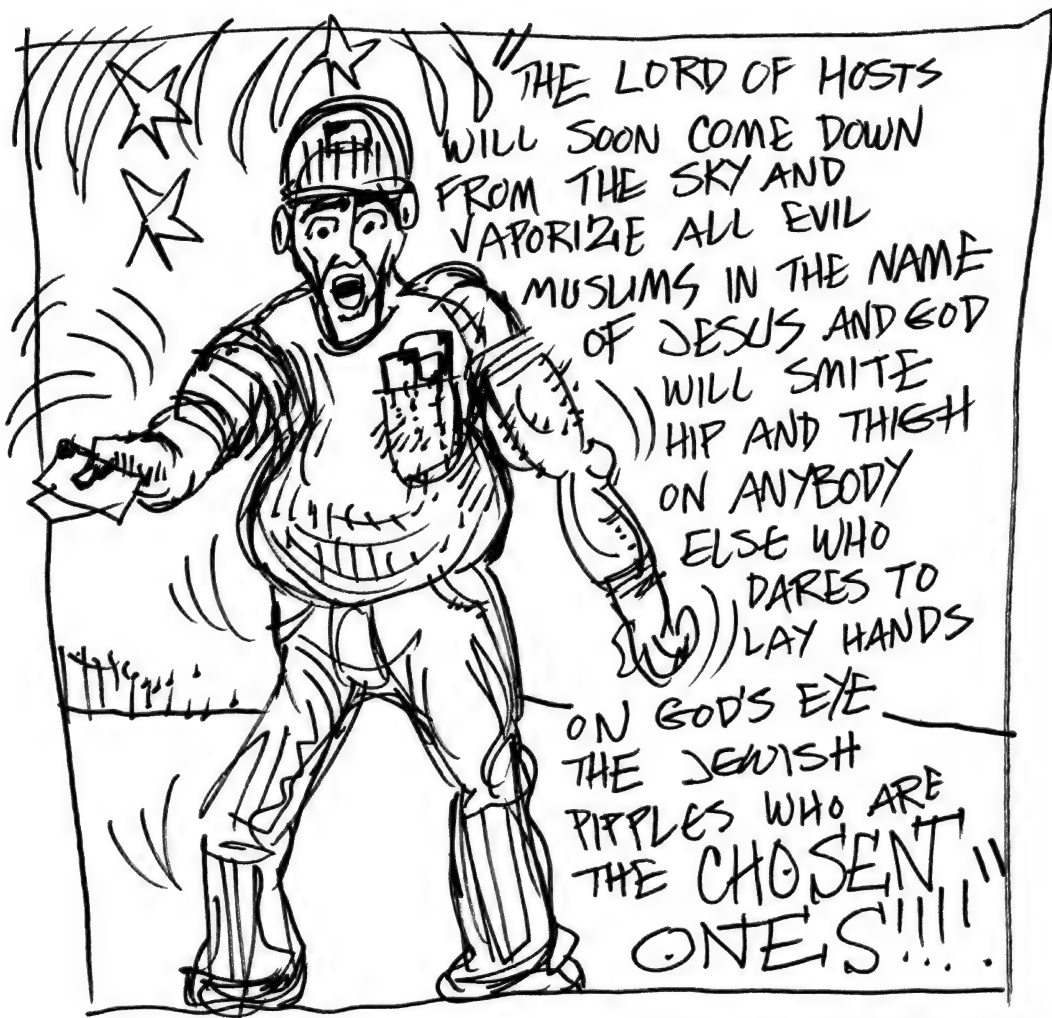


THAT REVELATION BEING THAT THE  
JEWISH PEOPLE AIN'T ANYWHERE NEAR  
AS GODDAMNED CLEVER AS  
THEY THINK THEY ARE.













THE U.S. HAS MORE MEN, MONEY, WEAPONS, GEAR, INFORMERS - COURTS, ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT, PRISONS, TORTURE TOOLS, OF ANY KIND OF RESOURCE THAN ANYONE! NOT TO MENTION CONTROL OF ALL PAPERS, HOLLYWOOD, AND MOST OF INTERNET!

WE HAVE TO EVEN THE ODDS HOW WE CAN. THROUGH RAW FEAR. WHEN WE SEND A MESSAGE WE MUST BELLOW IT FROM ROOF TOPS! WE ARE SERIOUS ABOUT THIS NEW WHITE NATION BUSINESS! TERROR IS THE WEAPON OF THE WEAK AGAINST THE STRONG!

**FEAR**











